Eyes of the day

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by Silvaxus

Summary

03. Tentacles / Distention / **Knife Play**

Centuries weren't enough, never were and never would be. The hunger that had brought them together in the first place only burned brighter with every passing day.

Notes

My Beta for this fic is my friend and sister in trouble Imoshen

See the end of the work for more notes

A day became a month, a month became a year, a year a decade, a decade a century and without them realizing it, a millennia had passed. They hadn't noticed, had not wasted a second from what they considered borrowed time because Will was mortal and Hannibal was not.

When they realized that the magic shared between, magic of the most primordial way, allowed Will to walk eternity and night alongside Hannibal, their lives became something...different.

Even before, Hannibal never denied Will something; anything his boy with eyes like the day and a mind darker than any creature of the night could hope to possess wanted, he would get. If Hannibal had to lay waste to humanity itself to feed his boy's hunger, so be it.

What Will lacked in strength, Hannibal made sure to compensate or fulfill in different ways.

Hannibal's blood gave him strength and endurance and what Will lacked in natural defences, like fangs and claws, Hannibal made sure that Will had the best weapons of any kind at his disposal.

Will's favorite however, was a trophy Hannibal had collected in bloody battle because someone had dared to lay their hands on his precious boy.

The battle had been short but brutal and bloody with an origin long lost in the depth of time.

Vampire against werewolf, night against moon, silver light against darkest red.

Hannibal had won, of course, and killed the wolf who had dared to take his Will from him.

Will had asked Hannibal to make him a weapon out of the wolf's huge fangs and so Hannibal had ripped the fang out from the wolf's jaw and handed Will his trophy. Will had kissed Hannibal all sweet and wanton right there while standing over the fallen body of their enemy.

Now, whenever Will needed fangs of his own, he would reach for the wolf's fang turned into a blade, and slashed whatever he wanted to see bleed...and Will liked to make things bleed.

His most favorite thing to see coloured in ruby red however, was Hannibal himself.

Broken moans, the wet sound of skin slapping against skin in the old dance of flesh and desire sounded through the long and dark hallways of their castle. The slurping sound of blood running down a hungry throat, licked off skin warm with borrowed body heat followed.

When Will had asked Hannibal to lay back and enjoy, with the fang blade held against Hannibal's heart, Hannibal allowed Will to push him back onto their bed.

Hannibal's shirt fell victim to Will's blade. Once his chest was bare in front of his boy's eyes,

Will had smirked at Hannibal before he used the fang to cut his own lip bloody before he pressed his lips to Hannibal's.

It was only the beginning for more.

Will made long cuts which welled with blood Hannibal had taken from Will only hours ago.

Long cuts along Hannibal's clavicles, following his ribs and cuts that barely scratched the skin on Hannibal's throat.

When Will got up to undress himself, Hannibal snarled but even this sound was broken as his huge fangs almost rendered him speechless.

Once Will returned, he reached for Hannibal's own pants and only opened them enough to pull Hannibal's hard cock out.

Kneeling over Hannibal, Will took Hannibal's wrist in one hand and the blade in the other. He made a long and deep cut that made even Hannibal wince at the pain but the hunger he saw on Will's face turned even the sharpest pain into pleasure.

Will only lapped at the blood before he smeared it all over his hand and e covered Hannibal's cock with the blood. Before Hannibal's mind could follow, clouded with pleasure, Will sank down on Hannibal's length and slammed his blunt and human teeth into the wound he had cut into Hannibal's skin.

The vampire's roar echoed through the night, scared the bats off the tower and the humans in the small village below their castle shook in their beds in fear.

His boy with the eyes of the day looked at Hannibal with his blood rimmed mouth while he rode Hannibal's length with a drunken smile on his face.

End Notes

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